

Fill in the Blank by **Luddleston**

Series: [One Plus One](#) [5]

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Summary:

Oliver doesn't normally mind homework too much, but this assignment is just... dumb.

Can he say it's dumb? He's not supposed to call people dumb. He's pretty sure his homework doesn't count as a person.

In any case, it's a good thing he has his dads to help him with this kind of thing.

Fill in the Blank

Author's Note:

This is p much what I've been writing when it's really boring in the mornings at work and there's no one there. It's just 100% fluff.

(Oh, and Oliver does call Lance 'Dad,' he's just 'Lance' in the narration bc that would get so confusing if I referred to them both as dad.)

Homework was hard sometimes.

Usually, it was hard when it was math, especially when it was math with more numbers than Oliver was used to. Math kept getting more and more numbers these days.

And then there were the worksheets with all the clocks on them, which Oliver frankly just did not have time to figure out. The clock on the stove in the kitchen told you what time it was with regular numbers, not hands pointing at little lines that were supposed to symbolize whatever came between 12 and 3.

Did it go back to one there? He thought it went back to one.

This homework was hard in a different way. Oliver was supposed to be writing about his family. That part was great! He loved his family! But the paper was all fill-in-the-blank, which quickly became a challenge.

The first part was easy. “My name is: ____.” Oliver, obviously. He knew how to write his own name, that was like, the first thing they taught you in kindergarten. And he finished kindergarten last year. He didn’t even write the R backwards anymore.

The second part was pretty easy too. “My dad’s name is: ____.” He did have to ask his dad how to spell it. Those words with I and E next to each other were the worst. Who decided Keith had to be spelled that way?

It was the third part that had him stumped. “My mom’s name is: _____” Oliver knew he didn’t have a mom. He knew why, his dad told him before. And he was fine with it, because he had a really cool dad and he also had a grandma and a grandpa and an uncle and a Pidge. And he had Lance! And he called Lance 'dad' most of the time anyway. So he had two dads, and clearly, that was twice as good!

But his homework didn’t have a spot for a second dad. Oliver frowned and stared at it some more, rolling his pencil back and forth on the coffee table while he tried to figure out what he was supposed to do.

His dad looked at him from his desk. “You need help spelling something again, bud?” he asked, and Oliver shook his head, holding up his paper so his dad could see the problem.

“What should I put for this one?” he asked, pointing at the confusing blank.

His dad got out of his desk chair and walked around the couch, squinting at Oliver's homework, which was maybe because he wasn’t wearing his glasses. They were on his head, and Oliver was about to point that out, when his dad grabbed the paper out of his hand and frowned at it. “What the hell...?” he said, which was a thing Oliver said one time and got in trouble with his first grade teacher over. Blake M. had told him they weren’t supposed to say h-e-double-hockey-sticks, and Oliver had replied that he hadn’t said that, he’d said “hell.” Blake M. had given him a look like he wasn’t supposed to be saying that, either.

“What the hell, what?” Oliver asked, and got the you’re-not-supposed-to-say-that look from his dad, too.

“This is ridiculous, there’s gotta be other kids there with single parents.” He handed the paper back to Oliver.

“You’re not single,” Oliver pointed out, “you have Lance.”

“Well—I mean—there have to be other kids who don't have a mom, or who don't have a dad, you know?”

Oliver thought for a moment. “Jason B. lives with his dad on weekends and his mom during school,” he said, because it felt relevant.

He pushed his paper further up the coffee table to give him room to flop onto it, red marker extended in his hand because that was what you used to correct things. “I’m just gonna fix it,” he said, proceeding to cross out “mom” and replace it with “other dad.”

His dad smiled approvingly. “Looks good, buddy.”

By the time the front door opened, Oliver was just about done with his homework, working on the part where he was supposed to draw a picture of his family. It was a challenge, because his dad was hard to draw. Oliver couldn’t figure out how to make his eyebrows accurately big and pointy without making him look angry in every picture he drew. Lance told him his dad had “resting grumpy face” and that his drawings were pretty accurate, but Oliver didn’t think he looked *that* grumpy. Especially not when Lance was around.

That was who was coming through the door, too. Lance normally showed up a while after Oliver finished his homework, because he had to clean up the art room or whatever it was he did after they were done with school, but he always showed up in time to help Dad with dinner. Oliver liked that Lance lived with them now. It made having him over for dinner way easier. Also, Oliver was pretty sure his dad secretly liked to cuddle, and Lance was always flopping on top of him for stuff like that. Lance slept laying on top of him, too.

Lance sat down next to Oliver on the living room rug as soon as he got home, surveying the picture Oliver was working on. “That’s looking good, buddy,” he said, “are you drawing Red?”

“Yeah, she’s right here,” Oliver said, pointing out a little cat face hiding in the bushes. That was where Red usually liked to hang out, unless Oliver came outside to play with her.

His dad leaned over to look as well, resting his elbows on Lance’s shoulders. “Hey! Oliver! You made him so much taller than me!”

“I *am* taller than you,” Lance said.

“Yeah, dad, he’s taller.”

“By like an inch.”

“At least two,” Lance argued, standing to give him a kiss hello. Oliver reconsidered his drawing. He should have made them holding hands, they did that a lot. But he had drawn himself in the middle, and his hair was too big to see their hands anyway.

“We had to edit Oliver’s homework today,” his dad explained, as Lance looked at the paper.

“Yeah, no kidding.”

“If the teacher tries to give him a bad grade for doing that—“

“I know, I know, you’re gonna have to fight someone in the middle of an elementary school.” Lance prodded him in the direction of the kitchen.

“Dad’s gonna fight someone!?” Oliver hopped to his feet, the final details of his drawing forgotten because wow, that would be *awesome*. “With your knife!?”

“No—*no*, Oliver, that’s not what that knife is for. It’s a utility knife. It’s not for fighting people.”

“Unless you’re utilizing your utility knife for fighting!” Lance called from where his head was stuck in the fridge.

“Nobody’s getting into a knife fight!” He pointed a wooden spoon at Lance like he was going to use that as his weapon of choice instead, and Oliver reached around on the counter, trying to secure himself a spatula for this battle.

“That’s going on my ‘best out of context Keith quotes’ list,” Lance said, using a bag of carrots as a shield when he was nearly poked in the shoulder

by the spoon. While he celebrated this excellent victory, he turned just enough to get smacked in the butt instead.

With a battle cry that was definitely not in his indoor voice, Oliver prodded his dad in the thigh with the rubbery end of the spatula, which led to a kitchen utensil fencing match that seriously delayed dinner preparation. Oliver won. Mostly because he teamed up with Lance to defeat his dad and then turned on him at the last second.

Lance performed a very dramatic death scene that ended almost as soon as he landed on the kitchen floor.

"Jesus Christ, it's dirty down here. We need to mop," he decided, pulling himself back to his feet.

Oliver's dad picked him up so he could sit on the kitchen island while they made dinner. He didn't really need his dad to lift him up there anymore, but it was kind of nice. He watched them make dinner, and part of him felt a little bad for whoever made his homework paper and decided not to leave a blank for a second dad on there. Clearly, they'd never been able to experience something as awesome as a spatula fight with two dads, or listening to one of them loudly whistle themes to old TV shows you didn't know while the other one guessed what they were.

Oliver didn't have an exact quantification for how awesome it was—he just knew that it was about a billion times better than his dumb homework.

Even if Lance would tell him his homework wasn't dumb.

How would he know, anyway? Art class didn't have homework.

Homework was dumb.

Author's Note:

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